The Eye Opener

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Editor and Proprietor

Correspondents are requested to address us to P.O. Box 2939, Winnipeg. We are more in Winnipeg than in Port Arthur, so as to be in close touch with our Winnipeg publishers, so don't forget—P.O. Box 2939, Winnipeg.

Eye Openers

On account of the general tie-up in Winnipeg, owing to the Power Plant breaking down, the publication of The Eye Opener has been delayed for a few days. Though we know you won't believe a word of it, this is the true reason. Honest Injun!

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Look here, everybody. The Eye Opener is shy ads. We are no good at canvassing ads. ourselves, but a regular canvasser is going to skirmish around the city on our behalf, next week and see what he can do. If he calls, for God's sake give him an ad. The circulation is now right up to 20,000 and the paper is sold and read all over the Dominion from coast to coast.

'Twas night, and the editor lay in bed, and thought of the weary day he had just passed, of his aching head, and the bills he had to pay.

He watched the stars through his window peep, and Cynthia's silver beams, till his eyes grew tired, and he fell asleep and passed to the land of dreams.

He slept and dreamed till the morning broke and the day began its race, and the wife who lay by his side awoke and gazed on his placid face.

She looked and saw on his face a light like the sun's first golden ray that softly kisses the mountain's height as the darkness flies away.

Then she nudged his arm, for 'twas time to rise, as the clock was striking seven, and asked as he rubbed his sleepy eyes, "Did you dream you were in Heaven?"

"Oh, not quite that, my love," said he; "but it made my heart so glad, I dreamed that a man came in to me and gave me a full-page ad.!"

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Winter is beginning to get into its regular stride.

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Even in Nova Scotia, truth on the witness stand should not don negligee attire, much as this kind of costume appeals to Sir F.—

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Does R. L. Borden enjoy going out in the cool of the evening and watching his star set?

* * *

The Ottawa correspondent of the Midnapore Gazette, called on the premier for an interview last Tuesday, at his private residence. He was perfectly sober. That is, Sir Wilfrid was.

"Why, how do you do, Sir Wilfrid. I represent the Midnapore Gazette, the popular Alberta weekly, and would like to get your views on things in general. Our circulation in the province is now half a million—"

"Take a chair," said Sir Wilfrid, courteously. "I thought there were only 200,000 people in the province."

"So there are, but they read the Gazette over and over again until they are black in the face, bringing it up to the figures I have mentioned."

"Well, that certainly is a novel method of calculation. Have you seen Mr. Fielding yet?"

"No, Sir Wilfrid, I have not."

"I must give you a letter to Fielding. Well, what can I do for you?"

"Have you anything to drink? The walk in the brisk air has quite parched my throat."

"Certainly, my dear sir. Pompey Ho, Pompey! Bring some claret and apollinaris."

"In regard to the navy, Sir Wilfrid, how about it?"

"Well, my government proposes to have a navy exclusively Canadian. A small flotilla of gunboats is what we want, —about half a dozen. This will represent twenty-four banquets—one at the laying of the keel of each vessel, one at the launching, one at the trial trip and one when each of them is raised from the bottom of the sea by the salvage company. Six times four is twenty-four."

"And twenty-four patriotic orations, Sir Wilfrid," said the man from Midnapore, gulping down a tall glass of claret without any apollinaris in it.

—"And twenty-four patriotic orations," echoed the premier, with a solar smile.

"Haven't you any bottled beer in the house, Sir Wilfrid?" ventured the hardy newspaper man, regarding the claret decanter with a look of disfavor.

"Certainly. Pompey! Pompey! A bottle of Schlitz."

"Make it two, if you will, Sir Wilfrid. I'm awful dry."

"Oh, three, if you like," laughed the premier, genially. "Three bottles of Schlitz, Pompey."

"And so you think this small flotilla will be an adequate defence?"

"Well, we always have the convenient doctrine laid down by Monroe, to fall back upon, you know."

"Monroe—Monroe—where have I heard that name before," said the newspaper man, scratching his nose. "You don't mean the man that Jeffries knocked out at Frisco, do you?"

"Ha, ha! My dear sir," laughed the premier, "you are given to badinage, I see. Open that other bottle of beer and help yourself."



"Thanks. What is the Canadian navy to be built for specially, Sir Wilfrid?"

"I really don't know. I forgot to ask Mr. Brodeur."

"But you have made a great many speeches on the subject?"

"Yes, but I seldom know what I am talking about. I just turn the spigot and the words flow out of their own accord. Indeed, my system is so saturated with honeyed vocabularies that I cannot go wrong. Patriotic outbursts simply ooze out of my body when I am on my feet."

"You certainly hand it out in great shape," observed the Midnapore scribe, carefully drawing the cork of the third bottle.

"Don't I!" cried the delighted statesman. "The dope I give them about keeping the national policy intact in its entirety is really fine—intact in its entirety—think of that—intact in its entirety. Foster would never have thought of a phrase like that in a thousand years."

"Oh yes, to be sure—Foster," mused the newspaper man, poising his glass in mid air, "Foster is the man who asked you in the House the other day, how Mr. Pugsley was getting on with his suit to find out where that $130,000 of central railway money went. And you said—"

"Why, my dear sir," cried Sir Wilfrid, hastily, "you have nothing to drink. High and dry. Tut, tut! Pompey! Pompey!"

"You don't happen to have any whiskey in the house, peradventure?" suggested Midnapore.

"Lots of it, my boy! Pompey, fetch up—by the way, do you take Scotch or Rye?"

"Scotch."

"Fetch up the decanter of Scotch, Pompey, and don't be all day."

"What do you think of Sir Frederick Borden, Sir Wilfrid?"

"A great man, sir, a great man. Do you think I would keep him in my cabinet if he were not a great man? We are all great men in my cabinet. What are you laughing at? Sir Frederick has many admirable qualities. Hell does not possess his equal, and Ottawa cannot show his superior. As for his abilities, they are in keeping with his splendid whiskers, which are light, and his heart, soul and character have already been glorified by such organs of public opinion as The Eye Opener and The Bobcaygeon Independent."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and not only that, but—ah, here's the Scotch. Now, then, my dear sir, help yourself. Thank you, no, I do not drink spirits myself. Light French wine, diluted, is as far as I go in that direction."

"Well, here's looking at you. That's pretty good stuff, Sir Wilfrid. I guess I'll go another. (Goo-goo-goo) Wow! That touches the spot. Claret and beer may do for amateurs, but not for professionals."

"Are there any other statements you would like me to make for your readers in the West?" asked the premier, glancing uneasily at the decanter.

"Say, let's call the interview off and go down town and see a moving-picture show. What do you say, Wilf.?"

"I had much rather complete the interview," said the premier. "It will only be the matter of a few minutes."

"All right, ole shap, all right. Go ahead and ask me any questions you like."

"But, my dear sir, it is you who are interviewing me, not I you."

"By George, thasho, thasho. Well lemme see, how's ole Clifford Shnifter. Reminds me I better have another shnifter. Howshat, eh? Clifford Shnifter—'nother Shnifter, eh? ha, ha!" giggled Midnapore, with a drunken wag of his head.

"Mr. Sifton is well, I believe."

"'Nother great man, Shnifter, eh?"

"A great man, indeed."

"Say, Wilf., to shange shubjec'. How would you like to be the ice man?"

"You may inform your readers officially, that I would not like to be the ice man at all."

"All ri'. I'll tell 'em."

"Howzait you're sush a succeshful shpeaker, Wilf?"

"I flatter the peculiar views of those whom I address. In Quebec, for instance, I speak Robespierre."

"An' in Ontario, wot d' you do? Where's that decanter?"

"I give them something like this—'There is above us an eternal Providence, whose infinite wisdom knows better than man, and who, even when all seems dark, still guides everything for the greatest good'."

"Hooray! Thash fine, thash fine. I wish I washastasheman. It mus' be fine to be a stasheman."

"Why," exclaimed the premier, looking first at the nearly empty decanter and then at his watch, "I fear you must excuse me now. I have an important appointment here at this hour. You will tell your readers out West, that the principles we follow constitute the apanage, the patrimony, so to speak, of all who, under my leadership, follow the banner of the great Liberal party."

"All ri', all ri', I'll tell 'em. Well there's jush one more drink lef', jush one good one. (Gloo gloo). Here's how!"

"Well, my dear sir, I've been delighted with your visit. Here's your hat. Look out for the step—Oh, hold on, allow me to

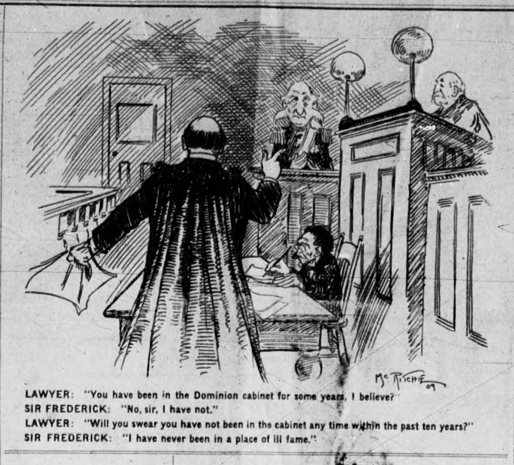


pick you up. Did you hurt yourself? Now you're all set. Good-bye."

Sir Wilfrid's sunny smile faded as he re-entered the house.

"Pompey! Pompey, come here. If that gentleman calls again tell him I've gone to Winnipeg, to settle the segregation embroglio.

"Seerygation brolio? Yessah."



LAWYER: "You have been in the Dominion cabinet for some years, I believe?

SIR FREDERICK: "No, sir, I have not."

LAWYER: "Will you swear you have not been in the cabinet any time within the past ten years?"

SIR FREDERICK: "I have never been in a place of ill fame."

Mrs. Pankhurst and several fellow-suffragettes are over here in Canada just now speaking in behalf of the cause they so boisterously advocate. They won't make much headway in Canada, we fear, though they can safely depend upon getting a respectful hearing wherever they appear in public. If Mrs. Pankhurst's fellow-suffragettes are in any way good-looking and buxom, they will gain ample recognition from the government at Ottawa.

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Apropos of the suffragettes, a friend was telling us rather a good yarn about them.

Premier Asquith, coming out of the House of Commons one day, was surrounded by a crowd of suffragettes. Lloyd George, who was standing by, listening and looking on, remarked to a friend what a horribly ugly bunch of females they were. Half an hour later they were arrested.

In the morning they were convicted and sentenced to thirty days each. Lloyd George, meeting Asquith on the street that afternoon, remarked that he had noticed that the suffragettes had been sent to jail.

"Yes," said Asquith, "that is the only opportunity they will have in their lives of being confined."

(Mem. Well, what do you know about that?)

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In trying to give R. L. Borden the hook our Western Conservatives have a busy time ahead. Also, in endeavoring to connect the other Borden with the hook, why, the lawyer for the—Oh, what's the use?

* * *

It is a queer issue to run a campaign on, isn't it? Segregation or no segregation. Well worthy of a punk Ontario village, with its officious reeve and talkative barber. And yet Winnipeg is talking of holding a Centennial! Now an attempt is being made to close up the postoffice on Sunday and shut us off completely from the outside world. What will they think up next to annoy and irritate us?

* * *

Last Sunday a friend tried to induce us to go and hear the sermon on segregation, which the Rev. J. L. Gordon had announced beforehand. Although our real reason for not going was the feeling of embarrassment which would certainly have overwhelmed us at finding ourself in the midst of a crowd of good women, growing girls and innocent young ladies, listening to a sensational dissertation on Miss Hook, of Holland and elsewhere, we replied that we could read it all in the Monday morning papers.

At this he dug his forefinger into our chest and said: "That's all right, but you'll miss the places where he lays special emphasis. It may read quite different to-morrow morning from what it sounds when listening to it to-night. Lemme illustrate—hold on, don't run away—lemme illustrate: A St. Paul minister got a call to a Minneapolis church. The night before making the change, his infant son, in his prayers before going to bed, said "Good-bye, God! I'm going to Minneapolis," implying that Minneapolis was indeed a God-forsaken place. The child's father repeated this jeu d'esprit in Minneapolis, to a friend who instantly said: "Did you hear him yourself say that?"

"No, but his mother did."

"Well, here is probably what he did say, "Good! By God, I'm going to Minneapolis."

* * *

We are not one of those who wantonly speak lightly and disrespectfully of the Rev. J. L. Gordon, on account of his aggressive stand on the segregation question. The reverend gentleman would not be true to his calling did he take any other stand. His point of view is not our point of view, but that, for all we know, may be an argument in his favor and a point to his advantage. We are not the only biscuit in the oven.

* * *

Our argument is simple and primitive. It is that segregation is the lesser of two evils, the fundamental basis of which was laid down in the Garden of Eden and will never be subverted as long as the world lasts. Neither moral nor man-made laws can alter human nature or eradicate physical passion. These are there to stay, and it is wilful blindness and obstinacy on the part of the clergy not to admit their power and omnipresence in the average human being. It is idle to argue with men who will not admit such very obvious things.

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If the average man were as good and pure as the average woman, there would be nothing to it. But they aren't. It is a condition and not a theory that confronts us, as Grover Cleveland used to say. Rightly or wrongly, men are so constructed that it is an absolute necessity for them to let off steam once in a while. Those otherwise constructed must have something the matter with them, that's dead sure. Why are single men who are never seen entering a bagnio, so often found ruining innocent girls or running after other men's wives? A man who perhaps quite truthfully tells you that he never frequents such places almost invariably has "something on the side," which, incidentally, does not cost him anything.

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This is plain speaking, but the Rev. J. L. Gordon speaks still more plainly from the pulpit to a mixed audience of ladies and gentlemen. There should be a bold solution to this question once and for all, based on the experience of older nations. The one and only way out of it is segregation under strict police and medical supervision. Which suggests to us the propriety of the medical men of the city giving their true and candid opinions on the subject and not confining themselves privately to cynical criticisms of the worldly and physiological ignorance shown by ministers in their handling of the social evil problem.

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There will always be a certain percentage of fallen women in every large community. That is another thing the clergy cannot get around. They may as well admit that much. This being so, the question resolves itself into this, Is it better that men should allay their grosser passions in the occasional company of these women who have already fallen and who earn their livelihood that way, or is it preferable that the men should break the hearts of mothers by ruining their daughters or that they should wreck homes by corrupting honest men's wives? These are the alternatives. Which do you choose?

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The ministers need not reply with the platitude that it is our duty to lift up the fallen woman. They themselves never do anything in this direction that we or anybody else have ever been able to notice.

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When the segregated district of Thomas Street was closed down prior to 1905, there were but few cases of illegitimacy in the city. Afterwards—here are the statistics:

	Illegitimates.
1905	124
1906	175
1907	220
1908	251
1909 6 mos.	115
Total	885 4½ years.

And there you are.

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In a previous article we dwelt upon the inevitable result of suppressing the segregated district. The women would immediately scatter all over the city in undiscoverable groups of twos and threes. Householders would be awakened in the still watches of the night to listen to the rumbling of a hack pulling up next door and residents in classy blocks would be wondering at the number of mysterious visitors received by the recent blonde arrivals on the top floor. Living up-town this way they frequent restaurants and appear daily on the streets rubbing shoulders with the ladies of the city and picking up acquaintances amongst guileless young girls. Honest, now, is it not far better to have these women stowed away in an obscure corner of the city where they are completely out of sight of everybody? Or are you afraid to answer, for fear if you declare yourself in the affirmative that people will think you frequent these places? It is this fear that is keeping many a mouth shut just now.

* * *

The clergy of Winnipeg conscientiously believe that they are doing their duty to the cause of morality, but they are a thousand years behind the times. Where they make their greatest mistake is in treating the subject solely from a religious and legal, and not from a moral and social, standpoint. They cry, "Enforce the law."

If the law is punk, and out of harmony with the social conditions of the day, change it. Laws are not immutable. The particular brand of law in the present case is a crank-made law, and should be altered along what might be called remedial lines.

What we mean by 'remedial' lines is police and medical supervision, together with a dead line in connection with the boundaries of the district segregated, beyond which the women would be forbidden to pass. Abolition of the social evil has long ago been admitted to be impossible. Why, therefore, become rainbow chasers and shadow-hunters?

* * *

We decline to accept the idea that segregated areas [illegible] cleanness. Experience has taught us that they are the greatest safeguards of the home and of our decent women. The Winnipeg area, moreover, is just right as to location, being away off down by the gasworks, reached by a subway and ending at the river. There are no homes nearby to be interfered with, no adjacent property to be deteriorated as to value. It is a "no thoroughfare" district of two small streets where nobody goes except for the purpose specified in the recent sensational sermons.

The one and only sensible way to look at this thing is from a physiological viewpoint. Any medical man will tell you that no power on earth can change the laws of nature.

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We quite agree with Rev. Mr. Gordon, in what he says about the sale of liquor at these houses. This could well be cut out. It only serves to befuddle the visitor and to further demoralize the women. Liquor is a bad thing anyhow, especially bad liquor.

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And while we are on the subject, why have the clergy, for the good of the country at large, never gotten after the big game, like those scamps, Sifton, Fred Borden, Emmerson and others in high places? Too hard a proposition to tackle, we suppose; and certain members of their congregations with political affiliations might resent it.

* * *

During the last century there have been wonderful strides in science and the arts, but none in morals. The morals of society, high and humble, are precisely the same as they were 2,000 years ago. Did you ever go through the ruins of Pompeii? If so, you will remember the segregated district with its regular signs over the front doors of the bagnios to advertise the wares within.

* * *

No, you can't change the morals of a community by ignorant legislation. But you can improve them and make 'em look better. The reason the clergy always fall down and hurt themselves over social evil problems is because their daily mode of living, thinking and pottering about, has a tendency to warp their idea boxes, and stuff their heads full of conventional, orthodox prejudices, which make them wilfully shut their eyes to facts, conditions and worldly truths.

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W. N. Schafft of Ponoka was in the city Tuesday.

(Wetaskiwin correspondence to the Calgary Herald, Nov. 22).

* * *

Young Kafoozleum, who is considered rather a clever pianist, was spending the evening recently at the suite of apartments occupied by some friends in a fashionable Winnipeg apartment house. We think it was Warwick Court. Society was so congenial that the time slipped rapidly by, and the hour was late when Kafoozleum rose to go. He was about to bid her good-bye when his hostess said:

"Oh, do please stay a little longer, Mr. Kafoozleum. I do want to hear you play a little more before you go."

"Well, really," said he, "I should be delighted, I'm sure, but I'm afraid I should disturb the neighbors at this time of night."

"Oh, never mind the neighbors," responded his hostess, quickly, "they poisoned my cat last week."

From late advices from Calgary we learn that Peter J. McGonigle and his best girl have become reconciled. This is most gratifying news. We also learn that a most untoward accident happened to Peter J. in Calgary last Tuesday afternoon. He is always having accidents.

Peter was up-town with the lady, who was doing some shopping, and proposed a buggy ride round the suburbs to pass away the balance of the afternoon. The lady was willing and told him to go down to Scott's stables and have the buggy ready and she would follow down in about five minutes. When he reached the stable he found a great hubbub going on. Charlie Roedick, the proprietor, had just caught five rats in a trap and his little black dog Bingo, was about to pass sentence. The cage and its occupants were being taken to the street in front of the stable.

Bingo disposed of the first four rats in short order. The fifth rat was a spry rat and with the dog a close second made a bolt for Mr. McGonigle.

Like a rocket the rat scooted up Mr. McGonigle's trousers' leg. Peter J. brought his hand down with a slap on his left back pocket and with the dog trying to kill the rat by nipping the slack of his pants, ran into the stable.

Hastily undoing his pants, but still clutching the rat underneath, he hastily pulled them off and started to get rid of the rat.

At this moment Mr. McGonigle's fiancee entered and the first thing she saw was her future husband standing on the floor of the livery stable, half clad and shaking rats out of his pants. He was a comical-looking sight and his language was awful. His back was to her and he kept right on flapping the pants in the air.

The fair fiancee tottered hysterically into Mr. Roedick's private office and laughed herself silly for about half an hour. There was no buggy ride. When last heard from, Mr. McGonigle was lapping up booze at a great rate at the Queen's, and looking very morose.

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Sir Wilfrid apparently does not like the way the West is sprinkling tacks in the path of his rotten old navy scheme. Why are not the people of Canada given a chance to vote on this thing? Sometimes it seems as if Canada were progressing backward.

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We notice in the Free Press, that this winter there is to be a "Weekly Skate for Methodists." If, as is most likely, they indulge in their weekly skate on Saturdays, there will be a mighty slim attendance at church on Sunday mornings unless, peradventure, arrangements are made for the ushers to pass round Collinses while the organist is playing the overture. Whither are we drifting?

* * *

If the Calgary Herald is to be believed Wetaskiwin had a visit from W. N. Schafft of Ponoka, last Tuesday.

* * *

Laurier ought to get over th[illegible] he ought [illegible] roast [illegible] who votes the [illegible] ents on this naval question.

* * *

We decline to believe that fidelity to party requires a man to be unfaithful to his country. If it does it is certainly an overdraft on party loyalty. Unthinking partisanship is a curse to the country.

* * *

Billy Maclean surely called the turn the other day when he said that the country was sick and tired of both parties and also sick and tired of the government itself. The country, certainly, is sick and tired. Progressive men of both parties must co-operate for the purpose of bringing definite advantages to the public.

* * *

The Selkirk Centennial, or in other words, Canada's International Exposition, to be held in Winnipeg in 1912, bids fair to outclass any Exposition of its kind that has been held in recent years. Winnipeg is central and easy of access. The value of expositions as a means of illustrating and advertising national development is to-day fully recognized. They are undoubtedly the best means of encouraging agriculture, arts and industries and of publicly setting forth the varied resources of the country where such expositions are held. Canada invites inspection.

* * *

The only fear we have in connection with the Centennial, is that there may not be sufficient hotel accommodation in the city. The old trick of imposing upon the loyalty of the citizens by billeting strangers in private residences, is played out. The Centennial is not to be a Methodist Conference, so far as we can learn. Wherefore it behooves the committee to look after this all-important feature in plenty of time.

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Here is a quiet tip for the preachers, who, we know, would like to see more of "the boys" attend church. Of course, as it is, they have enormous crowds of regular attendants at both morning and evening services, but in order to draw the great unsaved all they have to do would be to announce that there would be special afternoon services, but that it was strictly forbidden for anybody to attend. We then should have the pleasure of seeing little groups of sports sneaking round by the vestry entrance and asking the doorkeeper, "What's the chances?" And the doorkeeper would say: "Pretty lucky, I guess," open the door gingerly about a foot, listen suspiciously for a brief moment as if in fear of an inspector and let them in quietly one by one. This would catch the sports every time

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Now then.

A man and his wife were in the act of getting ready to go to a wedding. The man was in the collar-button hunting frame of mind and yelled out:

"We'll see another one of these female grafters punch a free meal ticket for life to-night."

His wife shouted back:

"You mean that just another woman is going to sign a life contract to be nurse, housekeeper and maid of all work for her room and board."

Which was right?

* * *

Winnipeg is going to have a Hamilton, Ont., of a time in 1912.

Since coming to Winnipeg to reside, we have made a discovery in regard to which we don't know whether to laugh or become indignant.

Last winter, some weeks before Christmas, a poorly-clad hobo—a drunken one at that—was having a gay old time bumming drinks round the various bars of Winnipeg, on the strength of being "Bob Edwards of the Calgary Eye Opener." (Flattery indeed!) He appears to have been treated right royally and to have been the centre of animated groups of men who marvelled at the disreputable appearance and ridiculous behaviour of this particular "Bob Edwards."

* * *

At Christmas time we came to Winnipeg on a visit to our old friend, Colonel Porter, of the Telegram, and he told us about this fellow, whom he had heard about, but had not seen. Charles Lewis Shaw another friend, had heard at the time that "Bob Edwards was in Winnipeg and was round at the Leland on a big drunk," bumming drinks and so forth. He walked over to the Leland and saw the chap who was doing the impersonator act and returned to the office laughing like to kill himself, with the glad tidings that it wasn't yours truly, at all. And we all this time in Calgary, pursuing the even tenor of our way and attending choir practice regularly!

When Colonel Porter and Mr. Shaw told us about this rotten business on our arrival in Winnipeg, a few weeks later, we did not take it very seriously, but since coming here to reside, some still more disagreeable features have come to our ears. For instance, Walter Jackson, manager of Galt and Company, whom we have known for a number of years, told us only the other day, that a shockingly-dressed man, partially intoxicated, called at his office some few weeks before last Christmas, and asked for something or other. When he couldn't get it he became very ugly and impertinent, and said, menacingly: "Do you know who I am? I'm Bob Edwards, of the Calgary Eye Opener, and I'll fix you plenty."

"You are a liar," said Mr. Jackson, "Mr. Edwards is a friend of mine."

The fellow then hastily ducked his nut.

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Mr. Macintosh, proprietor of the Clarendon Hotel book store, tells us he was also tackled by this drunken impostor. He wanted a quarter, and said threateningly, that he was "Bob Edwards, of the Calgary Eye Opener." Mr. Macintosh gave him a quarter to get rid of him. (Just think of what all this was doing to the reputation of the real Edwards!)

* * *

Then he got a half dollar out of Sid Handscomb, by telling him that he was "Bob Edwards." (We hate to be repeating our own name so often, but have to do it to make this story intelligible.) Sid. went to Col. Porter and said, "I just [illegible] your friend Edwards, loaded for [illegible]ar. He seems to be in bad [illegible] [illegible]ruck me for half a dollar." [illegible] [illegible]orter told him that we we[illegible] [illegible]eg at all and that he had [illegible] [illegible]ter from us in Calgary, th[illegible] [illegible] then we have met [illegible] socially.

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The proprietor of the Oxford Hotel tells us that this fellow kept a crowd around him at the bar all one day, getting innumerable free drinks and posing as the editor of this great moral bi-monthly. It appears, on this particular day, that Jack Kennedy, the well-known actor, who played stock with Jimmy Durkin, at the Winnipeg theatre last winter, and whom we have known for several years in a social way, was passing the Oxford, and someone coming out told him that "Bob Edwards was inside on a h—ll of a drunk." Mr. Kennedy at once went in, and when he saw this fellow he quietly told several of the crowd that that wasn't Edwards at all, and came out again.

* * *

You see what we have been up against this past twelvemonth—a specially hired newspaper liar in Calgary and a drunken impostor in Winnipeg. We forgot to mention that this chap also tried to get some money from George Stanard, the well-known travelling man, on the strength of being "Bob Edwards" (again pardon us for repeating the tiresome name). Mr. Stanard was under the impression that this man really was the editor of the Eye Opener until, as he says, we were pointed out to him the other evening at the George E. Foster banquet, at the Royal Alexandra.

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Who this man was, we have not the slightest idea. Though it may sound a bit far-fetched, it is just possible that this was part of the damnable conspiracy to ruin the character of the editor of this paper, last fall. The Calgary attempt proved fairly successful for the space of six weeks, from the date of the publication of the atrocious attack until the day of that memorable suit, when we succeeded in discomfiting our enemies and showing them up as a bunch of lying sons of female yellow dogs. We say it is just possible that this worthless character was hired to do this stunt.

* * *

For all we know, this rascal may have been carrying on his great work of bumming drinks and blackmailing people for quarters and half dollars in other towns also. Comparatively few people outside of Alberta, know us by sight and it would be dead easy to work this game, especially in Winnipeg or east of Winnipeg. It would interest us very much if those who have been victimized by this bogus "Bob Edwards," would write and give us their experience. A man in our position is very helpless when this sort of thing is being done in his name, and he knowing nothing about it until a long time afterwards, when explanations are belated. The truth is more apt to suffer from lack of circulation than a lie.

* * *

Then there is the genial Charlie Forrester, one of Winnipeg's most prominent citizens and one who would not wilfully say anything to damage another. Only the other night, when the subject of the Eye Opener came up for discussion in a group of over a dozen men of light and leading, Mr. Forrester said: "Edwards? Oh yes, he's a clever enough writer, but he's a bum. I saw him soused to the neck and bumming drinks over in a north side hotel, last December." Of course, C. F. knows better now, but all this time, nearly a year, he has been under the impression that that bum was the editor of this paper

and God knows how many people in his circle of friends he has innocently told it to in the interim.

As a matter of actual fact, we have never been inside the doors of a north side hotel. For anything we know to the contrary, there may be no hotels there at all.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Newly married, Brandon: If you wish to take over some of the heavy work from your servant, make the bread yourself. Also the cookies.

Curious Reader: You want to know what kind of a breakfast we tackle the morning after a bat? That's easy. A Collins, a steak and a little brown dog. What's the dog for? To eat the steak.

Polly B., Souris: So you love Art, eh? What's his other name? Some slob, we suppose.

Observer, Ottawa: As you say, there is something appealing and pathetic about a fat man in a dress suit.

Literary Beginner: You may attain a high position by contributing a fiery article to a magazine, preferably a powder magazine. It is the quickest way to attain the heights that we know of.

Anxious Inquirer, Vancouver: You ask if it is possible for a married man to be a fool without knowing it.

Answer: Not if his wife is alive.

* * *

An editor was so bothered by visitors when he was writing dope, that he called his stenographer and said:

"If anybody asks for me, just say I'm out."

An hour later the stenographer, a plain woman who had only been there about a week, entered the rinktum rinktorum. She was plainly troubled.

"Whenever I tell a man that you're out, he gets cranky and says he knows you're not."

"Well," replied the editor, "the next time anybody tells you he doesn't believe I'm out, you just reply, 'That's what they all say.'"

In a few minutes a woman entered the outer office and said she wanted to see the editor.

"He's out," chirped the stenographer.

"I don't believe he is out," answered the woman. "I must see him. I'm his wife."

"That's what they all say," said the stenographer.

Then—, but why continue?

* * *

W. N. Schafft, of Ponoka, paid a visit to our burg last Tuesday.—(Wetaskiwin Times).

* * *

John B. Grattan, the well-known Toronto travelling man, recently witnessed an accident in which a gentleman was killed out Rosedale way. Immediately searching his pockets for his address, he discovered a letter and at once made for the residence of the deceased in order to break the sad news to the widow.

It so happened that the lady's pet dog, Fido, had died that very morning. When they were both seated the following conversation took place:

"I have called, madam, relative to the death of one who must be very dear to you."

"Oh, I see, you have called to condole with me over the loss of the dearest one in the world to me."

"I see, then, you have already he[illegible] (By telephone, thought Grattan). [illegible] madam, more than a friend!"

[illegible] truly. He was more th[illegible] [illegible] the same and nev[illegible] [illegible] late at night in su[illegible]

[illegible] be sure, but I never allow[illegible] Even in the summer he w[illegible] [illegible]t after seven, and after giv[illegible] him a hot supper I used to put him to bed."

"Lucky dog! I suppose, then, he never went to a theatre?"

"Once I took him, but when he saw the girls doing some high kicking he became so noisy and unruly that I had to take him out."

"Ah! he was a gay old dog at heart, then?"

"Very, and I loved him all the more for it. And he was such a pet with the ladies! If only he could sit on a lady's lap he was happy."

"That shows his good taste. But weren't you jealous?"

"Not the slightest. You see, I used to have him a good deal to myself. I used to bath him three times a week, on the lawn in summer. He always objected to any of the servants doing it."

"What a chump—I mean—"

"Yes, I agree with you. It was very silly of him, especially as the housemai was such a nice girl with him and used to kiss him and call him all sorts of pet names."

"Madam, this is most extraordinary."

"The cook, too, was very fond of him and often used to take him up to sleep in her room when the nights were cold."

"And you didn't mind?"

"Oh no. He was so attached to the cook and she used to give him all kinds of nicknacks between his meals."

"Great Scott! I think, madam, I better be going. You have my deepest sympathy in your loss, believe me."

"And to think that only last night I gave him some hot milk and bread in a saucer for his supper."

"Dear, dear! So weak from a premonition of his impending fate, I suppose, that he couldn't hold a cup in his hand. I have read of such death warnings. Well, I must be going."

"Pray, don't joke about it, my dear sir. It is too sad for words."

"Pray forgive me, madam. I didn't mean to——"

"And then he started wagging his tail."

"I didn't quite catch what you said?"

"I said he started wagging his tail."

"Wagging his tail, eh? Well, I'm off. Good-bye, madam, and try and bear up under your terrible loss."

Mr. Grattan left the house full of pity for the poor woman, whose mind, he was convinced, had become deranged over the sudden news of her husband's death.

* * *

The Lord's Day Alliance outfit in Toronto, are seriously considering the advisability of closing up the Sunday Schools. It appears that the young scholars who attend Sunday School really enjoy their lessons and like the whole proceedings very much. The ministers have therefore concluded that there must be something wrong somewhere, that there must be a joker in the deck. The idea of children enjoying themselves of a Sunday and actually revelling in their Bible lessons, must be put a stop to. This will never do, they say. Personally, we think the Sunday School a most important institution for the education of the young in matters scriptural and deplore the proposed action of the Toronto ministers. Could they not devise some special form of misery for the scholars and let the Sunday Schools continue their good work?

The old gentleman had taken his handsome head clerk into partnership. This was a great thing for the head clerk, for it brought him into closer contact with the pretty typewriter. But, as the weeks rolled on and he became used to his new rank, he began to remonstrate with the senior partner for always saying: "I will do this," and "I will do that."

"Look here, Governor," he said one day, "suppose we have a little less 'I' and a little more 'We' in this office. Remember I'm in on this thing."

A few weeks later the senior partner stepped smilingly into the junior partner's room and said:

"Well, we've been and gone and done it now."

"Done what?"

"Well—er—we've gone and married the typewriter."

The junior partner gazed spellbound at the other for a few moments and then said, impressively,

"Now remember, I'm in on this thing."

* * *

"Dull morning," briskly remarked the man in the smoker on the train between Port Arthur and Winnipeg, as he looked out of the car window after a hearty breakfast in the diner.

A cross-looking old codger looked up from a magazine and regarded the speaker in stoney silence.

"Cold too, I'll bet, outside. The wind seems to have got round to the northwest or somewhere. Southwest, perhaps. I don't know whether it might not snow before the day's out."

"No, sir, I should most emphatically say you **don't**," broke out the old codger, like a volcano. "I should just say you **don't** You sit down there feeling stodged and comfortable after a hearty breakfast and force your conversation upon a total stranger when he is reading, and begin to talk to me about the weather. Damn the weather. And I find you don't know a solitary thing about the matter you yourself selected as a subject of conversation."

Other passengers came dropping into the smoker from the diner and wondered what was up.

The old codger glared balefully at the first man for a moment or two and then returned to the charge.

"Just allow me to inform you that you don't know anything whatsoever about meteorological conditions, principles or phenomena. You can't tell me why it is warm in June and cold in November. You don't know why icicles form faster in sunlight than they do in the shade. You don't know why the earth grows colder as it gets nearer the sun. You can't tell how a man may get sunstruck in the shade. You can't tell me how a cyclone is formed, damn you. You don't know the average rainfall of your own province. You can't explain why dew falls at night and dries up during the day. You don't know why the wind dries the ground more quickly than a hot sun. In fact blast your eyes, you don't know one solitary thing about the weather. You are just like all other people who persist in talking about the weather, when they know less about the weather than they do about any other conceivable topic."

And the bilious old codger resumed the story he was reading in the magazine. The victim humbly sneaked back to the diner and communed awhile with the steward.

* * *

[illegible]is said that moving-picture shows [illegible]ut into the receipts of hotel bars. [illegible]oves that not all the jumpy pic[illegible] near-songs drive a man to [illegible]

* * *

[illegible]eritas, Regina: Yes, there are other animals besides camels that can go a considerable time without water. Newspaper men, for example.

* * *

When Champlain landed at the place where the city of Quebec now stands, he gave one of the Indians an uppercut for stealing his tobacco pouch.

"Ah, mon capitaine," laughed one of his gallant crew, "that would make a fine picture. What a pity they haven't invented kodaks yet."

"Vous aves bien raison!" agreed the great voyageur. "A pity indeed. And we could have called the picture, 'Landing on Indian Territory.'"

Then the great and conscientious explorer, who was deeply imbued with religious ideals, traded a combination whiskbroom and toothbrush to the innocent red man for a thousand acres of land.

* * *

Just received an invitation to the second annual ball of the Calgary Old Timers' Association, to be held November 30th Thanks very much, gentlemen, but it is rather far off for us just at present. A high ball in Winnipeg is about all we can tackle just now, and we shall down one of them in your honor at exactly 10 p.m. on the night of the 30th.

* * *

The Alberta Legislature will convene on Januray 15th. This means a gala day for Edmonton. Lieutenant-Governor Bulyea and his little old cocked hat; mounted police on prancing horses; ladies in lovely creations from Leduc; brave men in plug hats and a general drunk in the evening. The address to the throne has already been prepared.

Gentlemen of the Legislature:

In opening this new session of the parliament of the province of Alberta, I beg to thank the Almighty for the manifold blessings He has showered down upon us in the form of good crops and general prosperity.

Early in the coming year it will be the duty of my government to expend a suitable welcome to Halley's comet. I recommend that an appropriation be made for this purpose and that the members of the reception committee dispense with silk hats so as to insure a sober discharge of the functions appropriate to the occasion.

My relations with foreign powers continue friendly. Pourparlers have been exchanged with the government of Turkey, with a view to obtaining the residue of the deposed Sultan's harem as wives for our lonely settlers in Alberta. Arrangements are under way for their passage from the Bosphorus to this country and on their arrival they will be given a course of training at the Government Cooking School at Cooking Lake, to fit them as helpmates for the hardy tiller of the soil. They will be brought across the continent from Montreal, by Sir Frederick Borden, who has promised to deliver an address before the Canadian Club on the subject of "Six Weeks in a Halifax Harem, by One who was There."

* * *

Among the bills that will be brought before the House is one that was held over by my government from last year. I commend it to your earnest consideration. The primary objects of this bill, which will be presented by the Attorney-General, are to compel all hotel-keepers in the province to have the names of their regular boarders embossed on the toothpicks and to sell, without unnecessary grimace, five drinks for half a dollar. The aim of all civilized governments should be to promote the pursuit of happiness.

Since I last addressed you from the throne, the baseball season has come and gone. I regret to inform the House that the success of the pennant winners has resulted in the loss to my government of the Honorable Chicken de Finlaye as minister of agriculture, he being of opinion that Medicine Hat now has enough glory without representation in the cabinet.

The revenues for the coming year are expected to reach the satisfactory figure of $2,000,000. Of this sum requisitions have been made to my government by the honorable member for Peace River, for an appropriation of $1,750,000, for the development of the vast resources of the great North Land. No doubt the House will give this matter its prayerful consideration.

The Lunatic Asylum at Ponoka, has opened its doors for custom since the House was prorogued last year and, I am glad to say, is achieving the success it deserves. Like several of the gentlemen I see here to-day, it is quite full.

My relations with the Ottawa government continue most cordial. The province was honored last summer with a visit from the Hon. William Pugsley, minister of public works. The honorable gentleman was good enough to promise our mill owners to put in booms in the mighty Saskatchewan to save their logs in the spring. These booms to be sure, have not been put in, but the promise itself must cause deep gratification as indicating kindly solicitude on the part of the Dominion government for the industries and for the people of the Far West.

Gentlemen, I leave the making of wise laws in your hands, trusting that your labors may be guided and blessed by the divine providence who watches over all.

* * *

Of interest to boozers.

One of the oldest songs in the world is said to be sung to the tune of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." It is known to date back to the time of the Crusaders.

* * *

We are sorry for R. L. Borden, though we fear that a photograph of our sorrow would disclose a broad grin.

* * *

We have just been reading a glowing description of the—of the—ah—the new School of Agriculchah for English schoolboys, that is being established south of Calgary. If it is anything like the other School of Agriculchah run near High River, some years ago, it will certainly be a huge joke. The most amusing part about it (to us) is the fact that the raunche is located close to Midnapore, the home of the Midnapore Gazette and Peter J. McGonigle.

* * *

The organizer of this School of Agriculchah for English schoolboys, is the Rev. H. B. Gray, warden of Bradfield College, Berks. This latter name you must pronounce Bahks or Bahkshah, if you want to show good form. His plan is for the training of boys leaving his school in the science of raunching. Their early studies of Ovid and Euclid should help them out a hell of a lot when dunging out the barn at six o'clock of a 20 below zero morning, under the effulgent rays of a lantern hanging up on a nail. What do **you** think?

* * *

It is the old pupil-farm stunt over again. We used to see a lot of it in North Western Iowa, where the Close brothers held forth, but there it was carried out on a more elaborate scale. These two brothers were Englishmen themselves, Oxford men, and being well-connected had no difficulty in getting out scions of some of the wealthiest families in England. Every classy family in England has at least one wild son who is the despair of his parents. The Close brothers had no difficulty in getting consignments of wild sons and all their boodle. In less than ten years these two shrewd Englishmen had amassed a tremendous fortune and returned to England to live a life of ease and polo. In fact, Fred Close was afterwards killed in a polo accident.

* * *

They practically founded and built the town of Lemars, Iowa, owning thousands of acres of farming land all around it. Dozens of sporty young bloods came out ostensibly to learn fahming, but devilish little fahming were they ever guilty of. The Closes would first of all sell them a section of land at an exorbitant figure. The pupils did not give a hang how much it cost, because the Gov'nor was paying for it, don't you know. Then the brothers would sell them lumber for an elegant house and gigantic barns from their own lumber yards; agricultural implements of every imaginable description from their own implement warehouses; and a herd of cows, pedigreed bulls and horses galore from their own stock.

They didn't do a thing!

* * *

The Close brothers had no School of Agriculchah. What they contracted to do was to locate these young bloods on farms, teach them agriculchah and exercise a general supervision over their welfare out on the bounding prairies. Those young bloods were no fools. They had no more idea of vegetating on a lonely farm than they had of flying. As soon as the fahm buildings were finished they put a man and his wife on the place and settled down comfortably at Close's palatial hotel in the little town of Lemars, where the English billiard tables were just right and the booze unexceptionable.

* * *

Almost all of them brought out either racehorses, polo ponies or hunters. Indeed, Lemars became famous for its pack of English fox hounds. They also had a splendid race track and were constantly getting stung on match races by wise sports from Sioux City. But they didn't mind. Not they. When they got short they would mortgage the bally fahm to the Close brothers for a tenth of what it cost. Eventually, the capital provided by their respective parents having been frittered away at Close's hotel, the extra remittances having been stopped by the indignant Guv'nor and the mortgage proceeds all blown in, they one by one disappeared, the Lord only knows where. Some possibly returned home, while others perhaps secured some menial job in a city; for their utterly useless line of education would naturally preclude the possibility of their being employed in any remunerative occupation. One of these young men, a splendid fellow, educated at Cambridge, we saw cleaning out a livery stable at Sioux City. He was not much good round the livery stable, but he was hell on Horace.

* * *

Compared with the Close brothers, Dr. Gray, of Berks, is a mere piker. His pupils will be young lads just out of school, while the Lemars outfit consisted chiefly of wild young men from the great universities.

The expenses of Dr. Gray's pupils, besides the premium of $500, will be "the cost of passage from London to Calgary, and the fees and boarding expenses of two winter sessions in Edmonton and elsewhere." Edmonton should be a swell place to learn fahming. We must remember and send the pupils an open letter of introduction to Frank Goode.

* * *

Judging from the accounts we have just been reading, the chief feature in connection with Dr. Gray's scheme is to be the raising of goats and bees. Of course there will be—are now, in fact, a number of horses and cows, but they already have 240 goats on the raunche. These should properly be pastured further to the east, in the Rockies, where they could leap from crag to crag and where the pupil in charge could go and yodel just like the real thing. And when one of them butted him in the rear he could console himself with the reflection that he had just taken a horn.

* * *

The pupils are also to be instructed in bee culture. They will be stung plenty without having to fall back on the bees.

* * *

Dr. Gray's ranch or farm consists of 1,920 acres. Those pupils of his will break and plough Dr. Gray's 1,920 acres or a considerable portion thereof, seed it and harvest it and put up all the hay for the winter, milk the cows, look after the horses and do the chores and pay Dr. Gray $500 each for the privilege of doing so. As you say, there is one born every minute.

* * *

How's this for a sonorous piece of stuff:

"In a memorandum issued by the Public Schools League for Imperial land settlement of the headmasters' conference, it is stated that the emigration subcommittee of the conference undertakes to advise and assist public schoolboys who, after leaving school, decide with the consent of their parents or guardians, to seek a career in one of the overseas dominions."

That sounds fine, doesn't it?

* * *

In spite of which the whole thing resolves itself into Dr. Gray getting out a bunch of suckers from England, to do his chores and make his property valuable and present him with $500 in return for his kindness in letting them work for him. We thought that pupil-farming in the vicinity of Calgary had been faked to death long ago. Even old Fred Stimson used to take pupils from England on the Bar-U ranch west of High River. When he was at a loss what to give them to do next, he would send them out to herd the horses inside a strongly-fenced pasture. This did not strike the pupils as being at all strange. They rode around fancying they were cowboys. Which, after all, was all they wanted.

* * *

There is something in the prospectus about wages being paid to the boys. "Every young hand would be paid a minimum of $10 a month on entry, and his honorarium ('honorarium' is good) would rise according to his ability and industry."

Oddly enough, this was the sum Hanson (also an old headmaster of an English school), was to pay his pupils according to prospectus, but no pupil was ever known to get anything.

* * *

The avoidance of paying this $10 wage is easily worked by a system of fines. Late down in the morning for the chores, 10 cents; late for morning prayers, 10 cents; going to town without permission, 50 cents; whistling lively airs on a Sunday, 15 cents; breaking a plate while helping wash the dishes, 10 cents, and so on. Bless you, no, the doctor or his man in charge can blow rings all round that honorarium delusion.

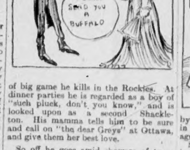
* * *

Perhaps, however, we are doing Dr. Gray an injustice. But, honestly, we have seen so many fakes and failures in connection with this pupil farm business both in Canada and the United States, that we are naturally extremely dubious about this venture. They all commenced exactly the same way, same optimism, same prospectus, same line of dope. And there always, invariably, inevitably, was an Anglican clergyman tangled up in it to give it a moral tone and help buffalo the dear parents.

* * *

The process of sending dear Harry out to "the colonies" seldom varies. Succumbing to one of those alluring prospectuses issued by the promoter of one of those Schools of Agriculchah, the Guv'nor procures an elaborate outfit for his beloved son, gives him his blessing and comfortable cheque, and ships him off.

In taking his farewell of society prior to embarking for Canada and the Wild West, dear Harry promises every dowager-duchess he meets to send her some heads



of big game he kills in the Rockies. At dinner parties he is regarded as a boy of "such pluck, don't you know," and is looked upon as a second Shackleton. His mamma tells him to be sure and call on "the dear Greys" at Ottawa, and give them her best love.

So off he goes amid showers of tears and good wishes. Mamma tells him to be careful of his health; his sister, Violet, implores him to write every week, and the Guv'nor takes him to one side on the station platform and says, "Look here, Harry, my boy, you have had a good bringing-up and we do not wish our family name to become a by-word. Promise me that you will never allow the counsels of evil men to induce you to enter the Canadian parliament."

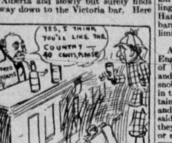
With this adjuration ringing in his ears, dear Harry departs for the hospitable shores of Canada, wondering what kind of rotters he will find out there. On arrival at Montreal he remembers his promise to mamma about visiting the Greys, but finding that Ottawa is away off in the brush, he decide to go right on to Calgary. He stops, however, a day or two in Montreal in



order to get acclimatized to the drinks and the bartenders at the Windsor, to do them justice, render him every assistance in their power.

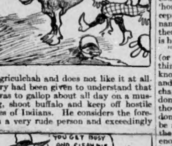
Then dear Harry finds himself rushing across vast prairies and gazing out of the car windows upon a magnitude of grass and horizon. He takes great offence because the train conductor laughs in his face good-humoredly when offered a tip, like the "guards" on English railways; and he does not like the gentle snub he gets from the Pullman conductor when addressing him patronisingly as "my good man."

Finally he reaches Calgary, puts up at the Alberta and slowly but surely finds his way down to the Victoria bar. Here

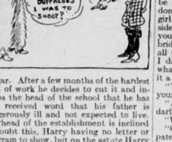


he makes friends with Fred Adams, who scents the long green as a bloodhound scents a nigger. After a good old-fashioned sloppy drunk, dear Harry sets forth for the raunche, or, rather, the School of Agriculchah.

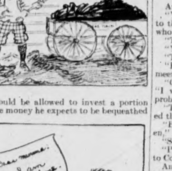
Here he is initiated into the mysteries



of agriculchah and does not like it at all. Harry had been given to understand that he was to gallop about all day on a mustang, shoot buffalo and keep off hostile tribes of Indians. He considers the foreman a very rude person and exceedingly



vulgar. After a few months of the hardest kind of work he decides to cut it and informs the head of the school that he has just received word that his father is dangerously ill and not expected to live. The head of the establishment is inclined to doubt this, Harry having no letter or telegram to show, but on the astute Harry saying that he is perfectly charmed with the life and would take it as a favor if



he could be allowed to invest a portion of the money he expects to be bequeathed



by his father, in a partnership-interest in the School of Agriculchah, he cordially agrees to let Harry leave at once.

So dear Harry finds himself once more in Montreal, waiting for the steamer to sail. He renews acquaintance with the Windsor hotel bartenders, who are un-



affectedly astonished at the amount of Canadian slang he has acquired in the meantime. Off he sails for dear old England, flushed with new hopes and Manhattan cocktails.

The Guv'nor is much disgusted to see him back, but dear mamma and Violet are overjoyed. As for the dowager-duchesses, they sit for hours listening to



dear Harry's adventures in the far West, how he stood off a band of Blackfoot Indians for forty-eight hours till troops arrived from Okotoks, how he was charged by a herd of infuriated buffalo and only saved his life by killing the leader, how he scaled the dizzy peaks of the Rockies and how, in self-protection, he had to kill five men with his six-shooter in a gambling hell in Calgary. Within a week dear Harry is back in his old cigarette and barmaid rut, and enjoying life to the limit.

* * *

A goodly proportion of those young English bloods of good family are victims of foolish bringing up in the first place and of classical—Anglican Church—snobbish—useless systems of education in the second place. When they have attained the age of indiscretion, the cigarette and barmaid stage, they can hardly be said to be mentally normal. Every man they meet is either a rippin' good sort or else he is a bounder and rotter, don't you know. All they think about is what they call "good fawm," and it never occurs to them how inexpressibly silly they appear in the eyes of the average person.

* * *

The eldest son is usually left all the family boodle and estates in order to uphold the honor of "the family," and perpetuate the name in good style. He is the heir. Of the younger sons, one will go in for the ahmy, my dear boy, and it is a 15 to 1 shot that another one will go in for the church, especially if inclined towards consumption and asthma. If there happens to be another younger son sloshing around the establishment, with no definite career in prospect, he skirmishes around and hunts up an American girl with "oodles of it." In this he is encouraged by dear mamma. If he has an 'honorable' to his name, he will be accepted right off the reel and should his name chance to be Algernon or Percy, there will simply be nothing to it. Here is how this sort of chap proposes:

"It's like this, my dear," says Algy (or Percy), stifling a yawn. "My people think we ought to get married, don't you know, and I don't like to disappoint 'em, and all that sort of thing. I'm not a clever chap, but there must be something in me, don't you know, for I owe six or seven thousand pounds already. The Guv'nor don't know about it, though, or there'd be a bally row. I'm a younger son, and the bit of money the mater left me isn't enough to pay for my cigarettes. It isn't, really. I can't help my extravagant tastes. I inherited 'em. You've got money and can put me on my feet, eh—what? I've got enough blue blood for the two of us, and if your pater did make his money packing pork into tins, it can't be helped. I'm prepared to waive that, don' cherknow. You're a smart sort of a girl and behave yourself very nicely, considerin' everything. I don't like the way your father chews tobacco while playing bridge, spitting into the jardinieres and all that sort of thing, but he'll improve, I daresay, after I've shown him what's what a bit. What d' ye say, my dear, is it a go? Eh—what?"

"Very well, Algernon, dear, I shall be your wife."

"And what about the settlements, my darling?"

"What settlements?"

"Of course you understand that your pater will have to pay me a lump sum down to settle my debts, and a stated income besides. Tell the pater to call on my lawyers, Quirk, Gammom and Snap, and draw up the settlements. I—aw—yaw—am quite drowsy. Think I'll toddle off to bed. Good-night, my dear, pleasant dreams."

(Lady to herself): "Well, what do you know about that"?

* * *

At the pearly gates.

"Your harp," said a polite attendant to the late Patrick J. Morton of Cobalt,, who passed away last week.

"Thanks."

"Your halo."

"Thanks."

"I see you looking around—expect to meet anybody in particular?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Morton, casually, "I was looking for the bar. We were prohibition in Cobalt and it was hell."

"There ain't no bar here," explained the attendant.

"But I thought you said this was heaven," expostulated Morton.

"So it is," said the other.

"Pshaw! I might as well go back to Cobalt. How do you play this thing?"

And Mr. Morton passed on, examining his harp dubiously.

* * *

The saddest and funniest thing on earth is to hear two people promising at the altar with perfectly straight faces to feel, think and believe for the rest of their lives exactly as they do at that minute.

* * *

When she meets you at the door in the evening with tear-swollen eyes and a face like an over-done suet pudding, don't ask her if she's been having a good cry all to herself. She wants you to ask her that, so that she can start the row all over again.

If she tells you that she hasn't a rag to her back, don't try to make her prove it. She 'll be able to prove it every time.

When you tell her that you hate to cough up $4.00 for a couple of theatre tickets, and she says back that you don't mind spending that amount for a box of beastly cigars, don't make any reply. You've got the cigars, haven't you?

When, after showing you a fifteen dollar feather that she's bought for her new hat, she begins to patch the winter underwear you've worn three years, tell her what a devil of a neat patcher she is. Little words of approval help a lot.

When you fetch a pal home for grub and there's nothing to eat but corned beef and warmed-up cabbage, because she's been over to a friend's house to show the feather alluded to above, don't scowl and start making apologies to the guest. Your pal didn't expect anything different when he accepted your invitation.

When she asks you if she is prettier than that fat dump next door, for God's sake say yes. Heaven mercifully forgives white lies in cases of emergency.

When her new hat makes her face look like a lop-sided melon under an upturned washbasin, tell her it's fine. And that will be no lie. It's bound to be fine somewhere, even though snowing here.

If you happen to have stayed out all night, tell her—Oh, tell her—um, lezzsee —now you've got us.

* * *

Last winter—was it last winter?—during the bonspiel at Regina, there was a tremendous crowd in the city and the hotels were filled chockablock. Along came Jack Kerns, of Moosejaw, in company with a big red-headed cigar traveller. They hunted all over for a room, from the King's hotel down, but were unsuccessful. Finally, however, by the greatest luck they managed to get a nice large room at the Albion, a double-bedded room at that. This would be about 9 o'clock in the evening. After a quiet snifter they were sitting in the little rotunda when in came a rather nice-looking young lady, whose self-possessed manner showed that she knew her way about. (No, no, not the kind you're thinking about). She asked the clerk for a room and looked the picture of despair when told that they were full up.

"Whatever am I to do?" cried the lady. "I've been everywhere and they are all crowded. Whatever am I to do?"

Overhearing the conversation, Mr. Kern, who is a warm-hearted German, stepped forward and put in his oar.

"Now," he said to the clerk, "this young lady can't go out on a night like this. That would never do. My red-headed friend over there and I have a large room with two beds in it. We can rig up a kind of partition with screens and blankets and this young lady can occupy one of the beds, if she is agreeable."

It was a case of have-to, and the lady finally consented to the arrangement. Mr. Kerns made the lady acquainted with the traveller and they all went upstairs to see the room and fix up the blanket partition. They got quite chatty. The traveller unloaded his line of parlor anecdotes and Kerns did the laughing. The lady was very sociable and unaffectedly grateful to the two men for coming to her aid.

Then it suddenly occurred to Jack Kerns that some sandwiches and bottled beer would be the proper caper, so he announced his intention in this direction and went downstairs to get it. Of course, the sandwiches took some time to make and it must have been twenty minutes before Kerns re-appeared with a big plate of sandwiches and an armful of bottled beer.

Looking round, he perceived that the red-headed traveller was alone in the room.

"Hullo, what's become of the girl?" he asked.

"Oh, she just got up and left."

"Is she coming back?"

"I don't think so."

"Why, what's happened?"

Oh, well, she started thanking me for what we had done for her and expressing her gratitude and so on and then she suddenly walked out of the room without a word."

"But you must have offended her in some way."

"Well,—"

"What did you say to her?"

"All I said was that she ought to reciprocate in a befitting manner, or words to that effect."

Kerns dumped the sandwiches and bottled beer on the bed and sat down buried in deep reflection. In about five minutes he raised his head and said:

"I know what was the matter. The wrong man went for the sandwiches."

* * *

Did you ever catch on to a trick or bluff that is constantly worked by weak, ineffective politicians, who wish to loom large in the public eye, but don't know how? It is what might be called the "hurrying to the depot" trick. You meet one of those bluffers in Ottawa, scooting with a preoccupied air across parliament square, carrying a mysterious handsatchel supposed to be stuffed full of important documents. Stop him and he will tell you that "**I'm leaving for the West to-night**," saying it in such a tone that you pass on wondering what big land bill or new Western measure he is framing up. In spite of yourself you put him down as a busy, shrewd, wise politician, standing high in the mysterious inner circle and knowing enough to keep things to himself. Of course, his hurried trip to the West gets into the papers and people say, "Aha, what's up now?" This is just what your bluffer wants. He disappears for a while and comes back looking more preoccupied than ever and very mysterious. All a bluff, of course, but it seems to work.

Then out West take a man like Senator Lougheed, of Calgary. We remember that he was always "leaving for Ottawa to-night.' Then it would get into the evening papers and the citizens would say, "I see that the senator is leaving for Ottawa to-night." Just what Lougheed wanted. After a few days in Ottawa, where, by the way, he does not appear to cut much ice, he would be "leaving for the West to-night' thus throwing a halo of mystery round his brow that was nothing more nor less than the rankest kind of bluff. During a session of parliament lightweights like Lougheed, contrive to conceal their inadequacy by either "leaving for Ottawa to-night" or "leaving for the West to-night," and don't forget the hand-satchel. This is the "hurrying-to-the-depot trick" or fake or whatever you like to call it.

* * *

We once knew a little woman who was much loved and admired. People liked her because she was so charming and fascinating and because she never made them feel insignificant by contrast. She was living in one of those wee little burgs out west where classy clothes were not a necessity and her stock of them had run low when, happening to be on a brief visit to Winnipeg, she received an invitation to a reception.

In telling us about it afterwards she said: "I sat down and thought hard for five minutes, trying to decide if I had sufficient personality to overcome the influence of a shabby skirt. And I didn't go."

This woman was so interesting that no one would have given a second thought to her clothes, but she was afraid of their effect on herself. Shabby clothes have a tendency to make a woman so uncomfortable that to shine is impossible.

Women always feel as they are dressed and few of them can rise above their clothes. This is no josh either.

* * *

W. N. Schafft, of Ponoka, made a flying visit to Wetaskiwin last Tuesday.—(Ponoka Herald).

Jim Conmee would make any one tired with his appalling greed and sickening pro-Conmeeism. He labors under the totally false impression that God Almighty created the Head of the Lakes for the special exploitation of his own grafts. Conmee and brother-in-law Whalen and their respective gangs have control over the four newspapers of Port Arthur and Fort William, owning three of them outright and having hypnotic control over that d—d old fool, Joe King, who practically owns the other one. The object of this ownership and control of the local press, of course, is not only to keep any uncontrollable newspaper from starting up, but to **keep the citizens of Port Arthur and Fort William from knowing what they have a right to know.**

* * *

You can imagine what Fort William is up against when we tell you that the local gang are business and political associates of Sifton, J. D. Macgregor and Hitchcock, non-resident property holders of putrid reputation in the realm of graft.

* * *

As for Port Arthur, it is better off, there being no "gang" to speak of, at least not a dangerous gang. Conmee is the local Grab-all and recent local symptoms show that the citizens have at last arrived at the conclusion that his work is too coarse. Port Arthur is happily blessed with a sane mayor and some honorable, safe and shrewd business men who place Port Arthur's welfare as a city in front of any individual aggrandisement. Both socially and commercially Port Arthur is one of the most attractive and loveable little cities we know of, and has a brilliant future ahead.

* * *

Port Arthur is mostly excited over the power question. Jim Conmee hopes that if he can make a contract with the city, Port Arthur will bring pressure on the Provincial government to give him a lease on the Nepigon. Conmee has no power rights on the Nepigon River or anywhere else.

* * *

If Conmee were, however, to offer the city hot air power at a reasonable figure, we believe the citizens would vote for it. The pressure that Conmee could provide would be something terrific.

* * *

The contract offered Port Arthur by the Hydro-Electric is all right and there is not the slightest doubt as to the Provincial government's desire and ability to keep the rates as low as at any other Canadian point which seeks to develop industries. Wherefore, Port Arthurites, just you pin your faith to the Hydro-Electric.

* * *

The Ontario government can give Port Arthur power just as soon as a power house can be erected. It is doubtful whether old Grab-all Conmee could provide power in the next five years and it is certain that he could not give it within eighteen months.

* * *

Conmee has a smashing force behind him, who will stop at nothing. We warn the citizens of Port Arthur to watch the polls very closely when the second Bye-law is voted upon. The editor of this paper has private, but very cogent reasons for handing out this warning.

* * *

That Port Arthur council needs new blood very badly. Fellows like McKinnon and Ferguson are ignorant, useless and dangerous. King and Burk are not much better. They should be wiped off the slate. Take Burk as an example. Only the other day he brought in a resolution to council authorizing a five per cent. rebate on all taxes in arrear if paid within a certain date. This he did in the expectation that his brother councillors would think that the resolution applied only to this year's taxes. Fortunately one of the aldermen detected the attempted steal and exposed it. It is notorious that Burk is always several years behind in his tax payments.

*

Did the local papers make any reference to this abominable little piece of near-jobbery? Of course not. What are those papers for, if not to suppress things that the public should know?

* * *

The only really useful members in the Port Arthur council are McGovern, Hourigan and McRae, and they should be re-elected. Mayor Matthews is doing his best and is a clean man personally and an admirable mayor, respected by everybody.

Mrs. Jorkins did not approve of little old Kafoozleum as a suitor for her daughter's hand, but she was too wise to show it.

"Oh, Mr. Kafoozleum," she remarked one day to the young man, "I must frankly tell you that my consent to your marrying my daughter has been wrung from me under protest."

"It has, eh?" said Kafoozleum, complacently. "What do you know about that"?

"Yes," returned the old lady. "I know that if I did not consent she would disgrace the family by eloping. When she wants anything we all have to yield to her or take the consequences. She is awful since she acquired the drink habit, especially if there is a flat iron or a rolling pin handy. Has the wedding day——"

"Great Scott, what's this you're telling me!"

"Oh, I suppose you will get along all right together. That is, if you take special pains to see that she does not keep a private bottle hid away somewhere. Otherwise Jenny is all right. She has been a good daughter; and if it wasn't for her ungovernable temper and her boozological tendencies, I believe that you and she might——"

"Well, the wedding day hasn't been fixed yet," said poor Kafoozleum, "and I would hate to take a girl away from home against her parent's wishes. Let us put it off for a while, eh?"

"But I am afraid of an elopement, Mr. Kafoozleum."

"There won't be any elopement," said Kafoozleum, reaching for his hat.

* * *

A man's favorite way of answering a woman's accusations is to tell her how pretty she looks when she gets excited. Smooth, isn't it?

* * *

"We tried to keep the railway carriage to ourselves," said the English girl who can appreciate a joke against herself, even when on her honeymoon. "At Birmingham the guard opened the door and in spite of Walter's scowls lifted a small girl into our compartment, making rather embarassing apologies. She was a little girl of about seven and she sat on the edge of the seat and stared about her. 'What is the matter?' said Walter. 'I don't see the birds' said the small girl, plaintively. 'Birds—what birds?' asked Walter. 'When I came from the other train your guard said to my guard: "Oh, shove her along with the love-birds." '"

The management of the Walker theatre at Winnipeg, has been so awfully decent with us in regard to passes, that it pains us to have to animadvert in these columns on the occasional outrageous charges for seats at very ordinary, but dreadfully pretentious, performances. Two dollars a seat to see Blanche Bates and her company of three performers—a fourth coming in for a few minutes in the third act—is entirely too much of a good thing. Blanche is a capable actress, of course, but she is no Bernhardt or Duse. Her play, which was fearfully roasted by the New York critics (the fair Blanche coming in for her share), was obviously written for a money-making tour. The scene of the three acts takes place in the same room, calling for no change of scenery, and there are only five people in the company to pay. With seats at $2.00 per, this is a great old snap.

* * *

But then again, Blanche's manager may have been a profound psychologist, with a perfect understanding of human nature. He would argue to himself that by charging two dollars a seat all Winnipeg society folk would be sure to turn out through fear of it being thought "in their set" that the price had deterred them from going. Oh, this is a fat-headed old world!

* * *

The Tribune is the only Winnipeg paper that gives real, honest, intelligent criticisms of plays and companies that happen along. Indeed, Mr. Joseph Wheeler, their representative at theatrical performances, is undoubtedly the William Winter of Canada, being practically the only dramatic critic worthy of the name in the Dominion. It seems to be the policy of all other Canadian newspapers to slobber every visiting theatrical company with fatuous praise, no matter how punk it is. This is not fair to the public, a large proportion of whom are not "wise" and are consequently cajoled into attending rotten shows by perusing dishonest criticisms in the press. Mr. Wheeler has a fine discrimination, result of many years' experience, and is not afraid to speak his mind boldly. A favorable notice from his pen means something; but the sloppy and everlasting laudatory dope in the other papers has come to mean absolutely nothing at all, being merely a quid pro quo for passes from the management and a sop to the vanity of the actors themselves, which the advance press agent does not fail to make use of to "work" the benighted denizens of other towns on the itinerary. "The Winnipeg Free Press says of Primrose Minstrels, etc., etc." "The Winnipeg Telegram has the following to say of The Fighting Hope, etc., etc." Just see how many people get fooled and honswoggled outside of our own city. Such a galvanised system of eulogy of punkiness and excellence alike is most confusing to the public

* * *

A local contemporary bewails the fact that the people appear to prefer vaudeville to good music. Maybe the fact that vaudeville is cheap and high-class music is usually dear explains why so many people patronize the former and not the latter.—Hamilton Herald.

High-class music! You bet your life we would far sooner go to a good, bright, brisk vaudeville show than sit out two dreary hours of this so-called high-class music. Any music that has no tunes or melodies to it, owing to the composer having only a mechanical and not a divine gift, is dubbed high-class music.

"What's that rotten stuff they're getting off now?" you ask the lady to your right.

"Hush!" she whispers in horrified tones, "Why, that's by Wienywowsky! Listen to that arpeggio and hearken to that motif. Is it not sublime?"

"Very, but I'm going out for a drink all the same. I'll slip out during the andante. Leszknow when they pull off the andante."

* * *

Give us good vaudeville every time, where there are no long waits and where the talent is first-class. Nothing like a rapid succession of clever stunts and pretty songs to cheer one up. Some ten years ago in Winnipeg, we attended a performance of "In a Persian Garden," a near-oratorio for four voices. We would not have gone to this thing had it not been that the composer, Liza Lehmann (Mrs. Bedford), is a first cousin. The various cycles, as they were called, were admirably sung, but the whole thing itself was unmistakably rotten. There was absolutely no music to it whatever and it afforded us the keenest satisfaction to be able to write to our fair relative and tell her that it was the worst ever. To do her justice, she didn't seem to mind a bit. And yet music lovers are supposed to rave over "In a Persian Garden."

* * *

However, there is one redeeming feature about classical concerts. One never hears them whistled on the streets the next day.

* * *

We hear through a private letter that Joe Pringle, who ranches east of High River, has been calling us all sorts of names since we came east. All because, early last April, we put the rightful owner next to the whereabouts of a horse Joe had been using all winter to drive into town when he wanted to get drunk, which was pretty nearly every week. Joe should thank his stars he is not in the jug. We could have put him there had we felt inclined to be mean, but having once enjoyed his hospitality over night, we prevailed on the owner to let the matter slide. And now here he is calling us all sorts of names.

The day we visited Pringle's house last winter, he was stretched out comfortably on a sofa, smoking a pipe and reading a comic supplement. In the course of conversation he said in a querulous tone:

"Do you know, my wife's the most helpless creature on earth, simply can't do anything without bothering me to help her."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's so. Only last night I had to reach up and get a lantern off the nail for her so she could go down cellar and bring up a scuttle of coal."

That's the kind of man Joseph Pringle is. If he does not shut up we shall have to tell how he got that cauliflower ear.

* * *

Now that parliament is in session once more, will some Conservative member not oblige us by first taking three or four Scotch and sodas and then asking the minister of railways about that mysterious Grand Trunk Pacific Development Company? This uncanny company consists of five shareholders, holding two shares of $100 each. C. M. Hays is one of these shareholders, and so is Frank Morse, though we would not be absolutely certain. This group of men will be millionaires inside of a few years.

* * *

This small company of but one thousand dollars capital, own outright 81 townsites, with an average of 78,640 acres, and besides, has (or had) a three-quarters interest in the townsite of Prince Rupert.



THIS STODGY OLD PARTY IS ALL SPLIT UP

As the Archbishop of Canterbury exclaimed when he heard about it, "What do you know about that!"

* * *

Another thing that should be aired openly in parliament by some independent and courageous member is this rotten practice of "sawing off" elections. A successful candidate, not too sure of the manner in which his election has been conducted, immediatley enters a protest in a riding carried by the other side in order that he may be able to negotiate a saw-off in the event of his own being protested. It is a most monstrous and dishonest system.

* * *

It has become a regular practice for the central party organizations on each side to enter a number of protests, either as a basis of negotiation looking to a wholesale sawing-off, or, if thought politically profitable, with a view to effecting change either in general or local results through the courts. In the last Dominion elections there was a mutual withdrawal of all proceedings begun through the two central organizations.

* * *

The electors have nothing to say in the matter at all. This mutual condonation of alleged wholesale corruption is not supposed to be any of their d—d business anyway.

* * *

And there we had our own immaculate $7,000 Borden, who on his tour through the country, proclaimed that he was aghast at the corruption which prevailed, allowing his own following to arrange for a sawing-off of charges of corruption which had been laid before the courts for investigation!

* * *

Surely platform condemnation of corruption in general, when it comes from a leader who assents to a bargain involving the smothering of charges of corruption in particular, cannot be expected to carry much weight with an intelligent public.

* * *

M. S. McCarthy, Calgary's member, has been twice up for election to the Dominion House. On each occasion his majority was so overwhelming as to be almost ridiculous. McCarthy's strength in his own constituency is quite as firm as Oliver's in Edmonton, and yet the other side had the impudence to protest his election each time. The first time poor Mac had to hike away to Regina and go to a lot of trouble and expense, and this last time he had to go up to Edmonton to get the wretched business straightened out.

* * *

There has been a holy fright of a rumpus in Civil Service circles up in Edmonton, where the tinhorns, come from. It seems—whoa, there, Emma; let's have a Buckeye and a shot or two. That's better. Wow—woof! That's awful rotgut. Now then, wot is it all about?

* * *

Well, to begin at the beginning, as they say in Genesis, about twelve months ago there was a big, fat, jes-like-Capt'n-Carstairs job going—a regular double-decker, sky-scraper affair that, like the ladder that Jacob saw, seemed to the vast horde of office-hungry party heelers to reach from earth to heaven. The government wanted an accountant for the Provincial telephone system, and although no particular qualifications were mentioned it was understood that he must understand the politico-metric method of making two and two look like five in Old Cush's balance sheet at the end of the year.

* * *

The applicants for the position were as numerous as the deadheads on the uncompleted Parliament buildings. Every man-jack who had yelled "The Red White and Blue" at a Grit smoker, or had pumped water for Premier Rutherford for use during one of his two hour speeches, came to the front and begged, prayed, cajoled, beseeched and implored for the job. Their tears availed nothing. The premier wiped his spectacles, coughed two or three times, took a gulp of water, and said nothing. Old Iceberg Cush, oblivious of his surroundings for the nonce, and thinking that he was at a Methodist prayer meeting, piously folded his hands and began to repeat the Lord's prayer.

* * *

At this pyschological moment there appeared Dr. Tory, the bosun tight and midshipmite and crew of the captain's gig, and managing director and chief Push of the University. Approaching the foot of the Throne, he whispered a word in the premier's ear, and as if by magic the crowd of humble suppliants melted away, the door swung noiselessly to its socket, and a flaming angel with a sword of fire in the person of ex-Detective Bradley, barred the way while a secret session, a la Calgary City Council, was in progress.

* * *

Not long afterwards, an Order-in-Council was issued, appointing Mr. P. H. Davidson, of Dundas, Ont., chief accountant of the telephone system.

Who is Davidson?

Why, you damphool, brother-in-law of Dr. Tory, of course.

* * *

That wasn't all, either. His salary was fixed at two hundred bucks a month. What do you know about that?

* * *

The accountant of the Public Works Department, had been doing the work and his own, too, for two or three years for less than half that sum, and it is said that when Davidson appeared to take over his duties, he didn't know an ink bottle from a foot rule, and wanted to know whether a trial balance was for the information of the Attorney-General's Department.

Davidson hadn't been on the job very long before his old townspeople of Dundas heard of the big, juicy plum he had grabbed. Their eyes fairly bulged with envy. As an inevitable consequence, every young Methodist and Epworth Leaguer in the town wrote to him and asked him for a job, the rush being so great that the Dundas postmaster had to wire to Ottawa for a fresh supply of stamps. Davidson's head was turned. He couldn't resist these tearful entreaties, and before long, instead of having the assistance of one lone stenographer, he had to enlarge his office and get Saw- and Hammer Parney to make him some new desks. His office soon looked like a beehive, there being some drones in it, not, perhaps from habit, but because there was no work for them to do. Where did they all come from, do you say? Why, Dundas, to be sure.

Listen to this a minute. For nearly twelve months Davidson's office has cost the department a cool thousand a month for running expenses. Hyde, the Public Works accountant, who handles three dollars to Davidson's one, runs his office on five hundred. And yet Old Cush stumped the province last March and told the gaping electors that there hadn't been a single, solitary dollar that hadn't been expended to advantage. Hooray for Cush's automobile!

* * *

Wait a moment. The curtain hasn't dropped yet. Let's look at Act Three. Enter Banquo's ghost in the person of High-Muck- a- Muck, John Stocks, who points his index finger at the growing expenditure, rising like the murky Saskatchewan in flood-time. "Cut it down," John says, says he: and Davidson gets an order to reduce his staff. But this foxy gent didn't tell his Dundas proteges to pack their duds and hit the ties for the East. Not by a long chalk. He swore by Halley's comet and all the constellations of light that sweep across the heavens, that he wouldn't tell them to go unless he had to, and as a Court of Last Appeal he could refer the matter to his august relative, Dr. Tory, who already ruled the University Senate, and hoped to soon rule the Cabinet as well.

* * *

The next morning, Davidson, wearing his best prayer meeting expression, strutted round to the oldest non-Dundas employees he could find and told them to go and look for another job, which was equivalent to telling them to go to hell. But instead of stealing silently away, as Davidson fondly hoped, they kicked up a devil of a stink and kicked over the traces in most approved style. There was such a devil of a row over it, in fact, that the notices of dismissal had to be rescinded, and some of the big bugs tried to allay the irritation. But the chapter isn't finished. Mr. R. B. Bennett will continue it next January.

* * *

In addition to bumper crops, they raise real statesmen out West—that is, independent parliamentary representatives who are not afraid of party bosses nor timid about the untrammeled expression of their own opinions.

* * *

Alderman Cox has reason to suspect that he hasn't made a hit with the Rev. J. L. Gordon's congregation.

* * *

"What is whiskey?" is not so pertinent. "Why is whiskey?" is the prize conundrum. Send answers to the sewer department.

Western Conservatives will welcome the proposed big party convention to be held at Ottawa, some time during the present session. Presumably it is a movement to unite the Conservatives of the East and the West so that they may once again form an executive and militant party based on renovated, brought-right-up-to-date Conservative principles. Go to it.

* * *

Some cynics within the party claim that the convention will amount to nothing. They may be right. Still, there is no gainsaying the need for the rehabilitation of the Conservative party. It is all shot to pieces. Even though the gathering prove a failure it may help to point out some means to transform the organization into a more effective minority party than it has hitherto shown itself to be.

* * *

This is when they were courting:

"I wonder how it is the stars are shining so dimly to-night?" she said, softly.

"Because, darling, those sweet eyes of yours are so much brighter," he murmured.

* * *

This is since they were married:

"I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach the stars?" she said, musingly.

"One, if it was long enough," he growled.

* * *

From what we can gather around town, it seems to be generally conceded that Sanford Evans is to have another term as mayor of Winnipeg. In a large and important Canadian city like Winnipeg, where distinguished strangers and "men of some account" are stopping off every day on their way across the continent, to size things up for themselves, it is of vital importance that the mayor be a gentleman by education, breeding and instinct. The graceful and tactful manner in which Mr. Evans represented the city on the occasion of the meeting of the British Scientists and the Medical Convention some months ago, will convey to you what we mean by the term 'gentleman' in this sense. Jimmy Ashdown could not have carried off this social and ceremonial stunt with any degree of eclat. The visitors, not knowing Jimmy's large heart, would have been constantly asking: "Who is that disagreeable-looking little old codger over there with the whiskers?" To be met with the astounding reply "Why, that's the mayor."

* * *

Favorable impressions mean everything to Winnipeg at this stage of her triumphal progress. So far as such impressions apply to visitors of distinction and worldly importance, the Royal Alexandra hotel must always figure as Good Impression number one; a presentable mayor like Evans, with the stamp of refinement and a pretty gift of platform and banquet oratory, is Good Impression number two; the beautiful Walker theatre, finest in Canada, is Good Impression number three, and so on. Nor is there any defalcation about the social courtesies extended visiting lions in Winnipeg. There is any God's quantity of that; from the Hon. Bob Rogers and the Manitoba Club down to the pink tea embroglios and the Clarendon bar. The rest, of course, is but the ordinary every-day spectacle of commonplace money-grubbing which obtains in every city of consequence.

* * *

Mrs. Hankinson recently gave her husband a sealed letter, imploring him not to open it until he reached his place of business. When he arrived there he lost no time in tearing open the mysterious missive. This is what he read:—

"I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know the result, be it what it may. I have known for a week past now that this was coming, but have kept the knowledge to myself up to now, but to-day matters have come to a crisis, and I cannot keep silence any longer. You must not censure me too harshly, for you must reap the results as well as myself. I hope and pray that it may not utterly crush you."

By this time a cold, clammy perspiration was bedewing poor Hankinson's forehead while he trembled with agitation from head to foot. With the fear of some terrible, unknown calamity seizing his heart in an icy grip, and his hair slowly rising, he turned the page and read—

"The coal is all used up. Please call or telephone to the office and tell them they must send some this afternoon without fail. I thought by adopting this plan of asking you that you would not be likely to forget it, like you generally do."

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Within Three Miles of Post Office

Five to twenty acre blocks, **$25 to $40** per acre.

One quarter cash, balance at seven per cent. interest.

First Class Poultry Farms and Market Gardens.

Lots near Dry Dock and Ship Yards

Parkmount and Parkview are the nearest subdivisions to the new works. Both subdivisions are very favorably situated, convenient to pro[illegible]ed extension of street railway. [illegible]**sent Price $2**[illegible] $50 cash, balance [illegible] 12 and 18 m[illegible] interest at 7 per cen[illegible]

McVicar Addition

Cumberland Street, north of Stephen, $20 per foot.

Other streets between Cumberland and Court Streets, $10 per foot

Court Street, west side, $15 per foot. **Not many of these lots left.**

East side Court Street, $10 per foot.

Two lots on Dufferin Street near Secord, $400 each.

Four lots in front of Mr. Meikle's residence on hill, $500 each.

1200 acres en bloc within two miles of Fort William's western boundary at $25 per acre.

Houses to Rent

Three new modern, College Street, $22.50 per month.

APPLY—

R. A. RUTTAN
BOX 195
PORT ARTHUR



POLICEMAN: "This is a case of assault and battery, your worship."
MAGISTRATE DALY: "Guilty or not guilty?"
PRISONER: "Not guilty."
MAGISTRATE: "What have you to say for yourself?"
PRISONER: "Well, your worship, we were alone together in a room, he and I, and suddenly I found myself standing up and this other man doubled up under the table. How it could have happened I really don't——"
MAGISTRATE: "Five dollars and costs."

Hi, there! What has become of Alec Haggart, over whom Winnipeg went so wild when she returned him as member at the last Dominion election? Is he alive? If so, where is he?

* * *

Has Alec Haggart, M.P. for Winnipeg, no opinions to express on the naval question? Is Haggart alive or dead? He surely can't be dead, for there has been nothing in the papers about it.

* * *

One would naturally expect that the parliamentary representative of the greatest city in Canada west Toronto, would have something to say publicly on the great questions of the day, notably the naval problem. Magrath, from the wilds of the Medicine Hat district, has already come into prominence with his outspoken stand on the subject of a Canadian navy. So have John Herron, from the Macleod district, and Dr. Lake, from some other wild and woolly constituency in the West. Glen Campbell, as might have been expected, was first in the field and declared himself very frankly and forcibly on the subject when the vote on that trick resolution came up last March. He was the only Conservative member fearless enough to speak his mind and may be classed as the pioneer of the insurgents. Would that all the Conservative members did their own thinking, like old Glen.

* * *

The Liberal members have all been talking so much in favor of the rotten Laurier-Brodeur-Borden naval scheme, [illegible]t they seem to have talked themselves [illegible]ing that it is really the only [illegible] to follow. This is not [illegible] many instances in hi[illegible] by stating some false [illegible] that it was true. Li[illegible] victims of this self-d[illegible]n, [illegible], of course, we do not [illegible] to [illegible]fy the happy-go-lucky Liber[illegible] members as such.

* * *

You remember the story of George the Fourth. He was fond of donning military attire, though he never smelt the powder of the field of battle. After the battle of Waterloo he commenced to say that he was present and he kept repeating it until at last he convinced himself that he was there. And not only did he convince himself that he was at the battle of Waterloo, but gave examples of his dashing conduct while there.

On one occasion he put the Duke of Wellington in a very awkward predicament. The king spoke to a person on one occasion, of having been at the battle, but the person to whom he related the story, did not seem to be wholly convinced of the truth of the story. So the king turned for confirmation of the truth of his statement to the Duke of Wellington and said, "Is it not true, Arthur, that I was at the battle of Waterloo?"

"I have often heard your majesty say so," said the Duke, without batting an eye. "You hear?" cried the king, triumphantly. "Oh yes, I hear," said the doubting one, gazing sadly at the fat old chump. "I suppose you led the final charge too." "I certainly did," said the king.

* * *

Or you know, perhaps, the story of the theological student who was fond of argument. One day, while walking with a fellow-student, he wanted to have an argument on Christianity and Infidelity.

"What is the use of attempting that?" said his friend, "for we are agreed on that point, we are both Christians."

But he still insisted and told his friend to argue for Christianity, while he himself would argue for infidelity, and so he commenced to argue, and he argued so well that he argued himself into infidelity.

* * *

In like manner the Liberal members, from a false sense of party fealty, have purposely argued themselves into believing in a policy which they previously knew in their hearts to be injurious to imperial interests and a disgrace to Canada.

* * *

We notice that one member of the Canadian Senate has been paid a salary on a basis of $730,635 per annum. At least, he got $2,005 for one day's attendance last session.

*

The estimated expenditure of the Canadian government for the year, is over $18 per head of population, or $90 to each family. This is going some. Of course, the proposed dry dock on the top of Cascade Mountain, to hold the Banff vote solid, is not included in this expenditure. The proposed canal between Moosejaw and Regina, to keep the Liberal member in his seat, is also extra, as is the wharf in course of construction at Brandon.

* * *

Did you ever visit at a house where there was a baby which has been shown to you a dozen times already and yet you never can remember whether it is a boy or a girl? To betray your ignorance is to give grave offence to the mother, for it shows that the intense interest in the child which you have affected on previous occasions, was all bogus. It is even worse than shaking hands cordially with an acquaintance and being unable to recall his name.

"Well, well! But he's a fine little chap, isn't she? How old is it now? Do her teeth bother him much? She's the image of you, isn't he? Oh, come now, everybody says it is."

* * *

The nobility and gentry of Hardisty, Alberta, were recently gathered in the schoolhouse to witness some tableaux vivants by local performers in aid of the Presbyterian Church organ fund. The curtain had just fallen on a really creditable picture of the Death of Nelson, and great was the applause, mingled with shouts of encore.

"Keep your seats, please," said the minister, who was managing the show. "We are much obliged for your kind applause and we are going to give you the Death of Nelson over again."

"Oh, are you?" came from a friend of the man who was playing Nelson, and who had just strolled in and taken a back seat. "Then, if you'll tell Nelson his barn is on fire and his wife has just had a couple of fits, perhaps he won't make his death so d—d lingerin'."

* * *

We saw Shrubb beat Tom Longboat the other night in a sixteen-mile race. Those long distance events are terribly tedious to watch, especially when the result is a foregone conclusion. Still, while watching those two men, admittedly the greatest runners in the whole wide world, there was satisfaction in the reflection that here were a pair of professional foot-racers with the unique distinction of never having sold a race.

If the short distance men, past and present, had only been as square as the Marathonites, foot-racing would never have fallen into disrepute. Nobody but a fool ever bets a dollar on a sprinting race nowadays. As a breed, sprinters are a double-cross.

* *

Apropos of the Shrubb-Longboat races we take this opportunity of telling our readers of how foot-racing was brought into disrepute in Canada. Of course, it first started with the sprinters, who were a crooked bunch, ready to double-cross their own friends and backers at the first favorable opportunity.

Foot racing was at one time a most popular sport throughout Canada, but the unscrupulous professional runners killed the game, and it fell into disrepute. About fifteen years ago there was a bunch of fakirs who made their headquarters at Chatham, Ont., that certainly were the limit so far as crookedness in the foot-racing business is concerned.

They ran more crooked races and skinned more suckers for bigger wads than any other gang that ever operated in that line. The men who did the running were Ben Coyne, of Chatham; Wm. Boyd, of Woodstock, and James Quirk, of Brantford, Ont.

Any one of these three could do a hundred yards in ten seconds flat, and in a pinch, Coyne, who was the youngest and speediest of the trio, could do a fifth of a second better. Later on these men were joined by the celebrated English runner, Fred Vokes, and the four were in the profitable business (to them) of relieving suckers of their money for years.

The manner in which Vokes joined the gang, shows the methods this bunch were in the habit of using to get the money from the unwary.

In the year 1890, Coyne went to Detroit during the week of the Grand Circuit Trotting Meeting and secured a job under an assumed name at the old Hamtramack race track as a stable boy. In the evening he would run a race with some of the other boys, and, of course, beat them. Before the week was out he showed the horsemen a ten-second clip, and they thought they had a world beater. About this time Boyd who was well-known in Detroit, came along and made a match with the stable boy, and to make it even gave him a start of ten yards in a hundred. Of course, the horsemen speedily made the match and staked considerable money on the result. Boyd won the race and he and his pal, Coyne, divided the spoils.

One of the men who lost considerable money on this race, was a well-known saloonkeeper, who owned a swell saloon on Woodward Ave., Detroit, and he thought of a plan to get even.

Fred Vokes was the fastest runner in England at that time, and had just won the famous Sheffield handicap, the blue-ribbon event in English racing circles. The Detroit crowd sent over for Vokes and offered him a good thing to come to America and run. He accepted, and the saloonkeeper at once went to Chatham and arranged a race between Coyne and the "unknown," the latter to have a start of two yards.

The Detroit man's scheme would have been successful, for the man never lived who could give Fred Vokes two yards in 100 and beat him, but the Chatham crowd got next to the scheme of bringing Vokes over. They saw they were up against it unless they could buy Vokes to lose the race.

One of the gang accordingly met Vokes upon his arrival in New York and made the proposition to him and he accepted so readily they thought he was trying to give them the "double cross."

To make sure of the race the Chatham bunch held him at Chatham and sent a loyal bartender named Smith on to Detroit, where he represented himself as Vokes.

This Smith was a fast man alright, but he was an easy mark for Coyne, and being a member of the gang, would not beat him if he could.

The supposed Vokes made good with the Detroit sports and they backed him to the limit, the saloonkeeper even going so far as to mortgage his business to get more money to bet on the race.

The race was run one Saturday afternoon at the track in Windsor, Ont., and was a cinch for Coyne. Smith did not stop running at the tape, but kept on at a speedy gait until he reached a cab that was waiting for him at the track gates. The Canadian sports cleaned up about $12,000 on this race, and it is probably the largest amount ever made on a race of the kind.

Boyd, who was the brains of the bunch of sure-thing men, is still running, although he must be about 45 years old. During the great St. Louis Exposition the papers gave him credit for beating some sucker out of $5,000 in that city. Vokes died in Buffalo, in 1890. Before his death he became famous as a trainer of bicyclists. Quirk was murdered by some unknown in an outhouse in the rear of his hotel in Brantford, Ont., three years ago. Coyne, if still alive, makes his home in Toronto.

* * *

It is not a bit strange that people's physical conception of Heaven should be the reverse of their actual earthly condition. The natives of the hottest countries on the globe, for example, believe that heaven is a land where shady groves and cool streams make the inhabitants thereof supremely cool and happy.

The natives of the Arctic regions, on the contrary, believe it to be a land perpetually warmed by a generous sun, with bright fires overhung with pots of boiling whale's blubber, and fur rugs and mats scattered around in every direction.

Denizens of Ottawa look forward to a heaven where everybody has a graft, where there are no royal commissions to investigate and the honest element is composed of deaf, dumb and totally blind imbeciles.

Dwellers on the desert, accustomed to the sad and dreary waste of sand plains, and the hot winds that blow over them, look forward, when they die, to a blissful awakening in a land where there will be nothing but forests watered by cool springs and streams.

But the queerest conception of a physical heaven is that held by the people of the Caroline Islands. It seems that they are extravagantly fond of a certain kind of fruit liquor, and yet they are in constant dread, when under the influence of it, of tumbling over some of the many high cliffs of which the land is full. So their idea of heaven is that it is a land where plenty of this brand of booze is always on hand, and where the ground is perfectly level.

Now what do you know about that!

* * *

Sir Wilfrid Laurier may be an immovable body, but some day an irresistible force will bump into him—probably from the West. Indeed, it would almost pay him to keep a man on a watch-tower all the time, with his telescope focussed on the Western plains.

* * *

Those who say that the Liberals have not kept their pledges, are off their trolley. Of course their pledges have been kept, and are still on ice.

* * *

We are now living and moving and having our being under the aegis of a new navy. Isn't it grand? If you feel a special thrill welling up in your bosom it is not the corned beef and cabbage you had for dinner holding a segregation debate with the whiskey you drank before dinner. No. It is the navy. Party victorious, Electorate vanquished, Pikers triumphant! Mr. Johnson, will now sing "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

* * *

We must again remind our dearly beloved agents in numerous small towns all over the country, that we are not running this paper for the honor and glory that is in it. They must remit promptly after each sale, otherwise they cannot expect to continue receiving bundles of Eye Openers from this office. This is the last notification to delinquents. So get busy.

* * *

Some of the kids in various towns have the makings of great financiers. Billy Jones in, say, Punkville, Ont., writes asking to be appointed agent for the Eye Opener at that point, and for us to send him 50 copies. We do this, but no money is forthcoming. Just about the time the next issue is due, along comes a frightfully mispelled letter from Johnnie Smith, also of Punkville, (Billy's pal, of course) which says, in effect: "Dear sir, I would like to take over the agency for the sale of the Eye Opener here, as W. Jones has gone to hoe wheat in California. Send fifty papers. Yours truly, John Smith, age 12."

So off go fifty papers to Johnnie Smith. No remittance comes. Then in due course comes another frightfully mispelled letter from Jimmy McCluskey, age 14, also of Punkville:

"Dear Sir, Johnnie Smith, your agent, has left here for a good job gathering snowballs for the Hawauan Government, seven miles out of Honolula. He has turned over his agency to me. Please forward fifty copies. Yours truly, Jas. McCluskey."

And so it goes on indefinitely.

This gives this juvenile bunch of frenzied financiers a little old Two-fifty a crack, we paying the expressage on the papers at this end.

*

When taunted and jeered because he was a hangman, Radcliffe at Montreal, a few days ago, rushed at two men near the Windsor station, knocked out their front teeth with well placed blows, knocked them down and went at them again when they got up.

"Ha, ha, look at the hangman," shouted the two men prior to the opening of hostilities. "You came down to hang Dillon and you didn't succeed. Better go back now where you came from."

A few seconds later both men were sprawling on the ground. They were badly cut about the face, but all that was wrong with Radcliffe was a cut finger that had come in contact with a set of teeth.

"I gave them what they wanted," announced Radcliffe, later. "Then they wanted more, and I gave them that too. Now I'm ready to go at them again."

After the fight Radcliffe walked down Windsor street to Quipp's drug store, corner of Windsor and St. Antoine street, where he had his finger dressed and gave a glowing account of the battle.

* * *

The land proposals in the English budget may be highly popular in the populous centres, but in the country districts the old feudal instinct of humility and submission on the part of tenants and humble folk seems to be as strong as ever.

In a recent number of the Daily Graphic, is a full-page group of illustrations depicting the "Rejoicings" attending the coming of age of young Lord Vernon. At the top is a photograph of Poynton Towers, a huge and very beautiful castle of baronial type, with magnificent grounds. The description at the foot says: "Lord Vernon yesterday attained his majority and took over the extensive estates in Cheshire and Derbyshire. At Poynton, the rejoicings were on a magnificent scale, at which congratulatory addresses in album form were to be presented. Similar rejoicings took place at Sudbury, Derbyshire."

* * *

Now, what the devil was there for the working classes of those districts to rejoice about? Young Lord Vernon's legal possession of vast estates couldn't possibly benefit them any. If there was any "rejoicing" to be done, it was surely up to Lord Vernon himself, for it was he who was coming into the money and the land.

This "rejoicing" business on the part of tenantry on estates in the old country, makes us sick. It savors too much of the dog licking its master's hand, or of Eaton's underpaid employees presenting the head of a department with a silver tea-set.

* * *

The Ketchel-Johnson fight pictures showed but too plainly how commercialized the boxing game has become. Not content with enormous purses, fighters and promoters nowadays seek still further emoluments from the moving picture stunt. In order to have a fight-picture that will draw people to the theatre and justify them in paying elegant cash for a seat, it is absolutely essential that the men go at least ten or a dozen rounds, preferably about fifteen. For, were one of the contestants to be suddenly knocked out in the second or third round, the commercial value of the pictures would be nil and the fighters themselves would be out thousands of dollars on the picture privileges. They are not such chumps as to forego this extra cigar, woman and booze money. What?

* * *

In accordance with a tacit understanding between their respective managers, the men know what is expected of them, without having to be told. It is understood that neither one will try to put the other to sleep until a sufficient number of rounds, (consisting of jabbing, feinting, stalling, clinching and dancing around), have been pulled off to make a fairly lengthy and attractive moving-picture entertainment for the populous centres throughout the country.

* * *

After the rounds get into double figures the men begin watching each other more carefully and commence gradually to turn loose. In this Ketchel-Johnson fight, the latter kept jabbing Ketchel harmlessly on the nose for eleven rounds, and clinching to while away the time, until in the twelfth Ketchel caused himself infinite surprise by suddenly knocking Johnson down. Johnson thereupon rose to his feet and did what he could just as easily have done in the first half minute of the first round. In a furious rage at being caught napping he rose to his feet and made one spring for the jaunty Ketchel. In a second it was all over. Johnson was still in the stride of his rush as he delivered the fatal smash on the jaw, tripping over Ketchel's prostrate body and falling donkey over appetite on the floor himself. Johnson's appearance bore a startling resemblance to that of an ape as he stood by the ropes regarding the unconscious form of his opponent. James J. Jeffries had better be in his old form the day of the big battle. Johnson's true form only cropped out for the space of two seconds in this Ketchel affair, but it turned the trick.

* * *

John L. Sullivan in his earlier days, used to send 'em all to dreamland in three or four rounds. He knocked out his great opponent, Paddy Ryan, at Frisco in the third round. Fitzsimmons was another quick artist. At Langtry, Texas, about sixteen years ago, he knocked out Peter Maher, the Irish champion, in five seconds—just time enough to reach the centre of the ring and get set. This sounds incredible, but it is on record. Had there been moving pictures in those days Fitz. and Maher would have pranced and cavorted around the ring for fifteen or twenty rounds or until the photographer signalled that he had enough mileage of impressions on his tape to make a good show.

* * *

From the Calgary Herald we gather that W. N. Schafft, of Ponoka, paid a visit to Wetaskiwin last Tuesday.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

"Angelina Valentine," popular waltz song, by J. McAra. Published by the J. McAra company, Calgary, Alta.

"Sarah Janes," words and music by J. McAra. Published by the J. McAra company, Calgary, Alta.

"Jehosaphat," oratorio, by J. McAra. Published by the J. McAra company, Calgary, Alta.

"Lead, Kindly Corby," hymn by J. McAra. Published by the J. McAra company, Calgary, Alta.



At the execution of Pidhoney, the Galician, at Winnipeg recently, the condemned man refused the consolations of his church. The good priest, much distressed, was determined that he should receive some kind of consolation. So, reaching into his vestments, the reverend father produced a Buckeye cigar and placed it between the man's teeth as he stood on the trap. The prison officials, spectators and reporters stood by reverently and in silence until the stub burned his mustache and dropped from his lips. This was the signal for the ferocious-looking hangman. When the doctors examined the body they noted on the dead man's face a smile of serene contentment and joy.

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